A Conſtant Wife, and a Kind Wife,
A Loving VVife, and a Fine VVife,
VVhich gives content unto mans life.

To the Tune of, *Locks and Bolts do hinder.*

YOung men and Maids, lend me your eare
to ſpeak of my dear Sweeting;
It ſhews how Fortune hath betrayd,
and often ſpoyl'd our meeting:
She likely was for to be rich;
and I a man but meanly,
Wherefore her friends at me do grutch,
and uſe me moſt unkindly.

Her conſtancy I will declare,
wherein ſhe proved loyal,
But few that will with her compare,
when they are put to tryal,
Her friends againſt her did contend,
becauſe ſhe lent me favour,
They ſaid I quickly all would ſpend,
if that I might but have her.

They did convey her from my ſight,
becauſe ſhe ſhould exempt me,
I could not find my hearts delight,
which ſore did diſcontent me:
I travel'd over craggy Rocks,
o're Mountains, Hills, and Valleys;
But ſhe was kept from me with locks,
onely through ſpight and malice.

But Love that conquers Kings & Queens,
herein did ſhew his favour,
I brought to paſs, and wrought the means,
in what place I could have her:
She had an Uncle did detain,
and kept her perſon from me,
Which I had very like to have ſlain,
becauſe he did ſo wrong me.

I boldly came where ſhe did dwell,
and asked for my Sweeting,
They ſaid of her they could not tell,
which was to me ſad greeting;
But preſently ſhe heard my voice,
and call'd me at her Window,
O I would come to thee my love,
but Doors and Locks do hinder.

Whereat amazed I did ſtand,
to hear her make that anſwer,
I drew my ſword into my hand,
and ſtraight the Houſe did enter:
And then I made the Locks to fly,
and Doors in pieces ſhatter,
I bow'd to have her company,
and quickly I came at her.

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The ſecond Part, to the ſame tune.

HEr Uncle and ſome of his Men,
did after preſent follow,
Who ſaid I ne'r ſhould out again,
but in my blood ſhould wallow;
But with ſome hurt done on both ſides,
I got my Sweet-heart from them:
Young-men to get your ſelves ſuch brides,
fight for to overcome them.

Then joyn'd we hands, in Hymens bands,
to love and live together,
She lov'd me not for Houſe or Lands,
for I had none of either;
Her Love was pure, and doth indure,
and ſo ſhall mine for ever,
Till death do thus ſo much injure,
to part us from each other.

With hand and heart, I will impart,
the praiſe of my dear Sweeting,
Now welcome joys, and farewel ſmart,
bleſt be the time of meeting:
With my Sweet-heart, and only Dear,
in whom is all my pleaſure,
The like of her doth not appear,
ſhe is ſo bleſt a creature.

O happy is that time and hour,
that e'r I ſaw thy feature,
Such heavens bliſs on me did ſhour,
to ſend me ſuch a Creature;
She is ſo pleaſing to my Eye,
the like was never any,
She's vertuous, wiſe, and very kind,
ſhe far ſurpaſſeth many.

Her comely Feature may compare,
with any in Town or City,
For courteſie ſhe is moſt rare,
likewiſe ſhe's full of pitty:
No vertue that can give content,
in all that hear her praiſes,
But God to her the ſame hath lent,
whereby her Glory raiſes.

Her golden Locks like threads of gold,
her eyes like Stars do gliſter,
Her Cheeks the Roſe and Lilly ſold,
ſhe may be Venus Siſter:
She hath a dimple in her Chin,
her neck ſhines like the Chriſtal,
The like hath ſeldom times been ſeen,
ſhe ſeemeth ſo Celeſtial.

Her Arms and Shoulders are compleat,
her breſt like Alablaſter,
Her Waſt and Middle is ſo neat,
there's none that can ſurpaſs her,
Her Eloquents gives ſuch content
in all that hear her praiſes,
That freely they'l give their conſent,
and yield her Earthly praiſes.

Her Lilly hands are at command,
to do me any ſervice,
And quickly ſhe will underſtand,
a matter whatſoe'r it is:
If I bid go ſhe will not ſtay,
to work me a diſpleaſure,
But preſently ſhe goes away,
and is not this a treaſure?

Her parts below i'le not deſcry,
for they are very neat ones,
A dainty Foot, a Leg, and Thigh,
as can be made of fleſh and bones:
She is ſo perfect in her parts,
that many were enflamed;
On her they wholly ſet their hearts,
and at her fully aimed.

Thus to conclude and end my Song,
I wiſh well to the Female,
Or elſe I ſhould do them much wrong,
and prove my ſelf a tell-tale.
Young-men adieu, prove not untrue,
unto your onely Sweeting;
Obſerve your time, you need not rue,
nor curſe the time of meeting.

Printed for E. Coles, F. Vere, J. Wright, and J. Clarke.